

A Minute Description of the

BATTLES

OF

Gorey, Arklow, and Vinegar-Hill,

Together with the *Movements of the ARMY*
through *Wicklow-Mountains*, in quest of the

R E B E L S,

who were supposed to have been encamped at
THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

To which are Annexed,

The *Capture and Execution of several Traitors,*
four of whose Heads are exposed to *Public*
view in Wexford.

Interpersed with many curious Anecdotes,
worthy the Reader's notice.

WRITTEN BY

ARCHIBALD M'LAREN,

late Serjeant in the Dunbartonshire Highlanders, who
was an Eye-witness to most of what he relates.

Author of the *Coup de Main, Siege of Perth, Siege*
of Berwick, American Slaves, Highland Drover, What
News from Bantry Bay, &c. &c.

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BATTLE

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FIRST when I formed the idea of publishing this Pamphlet, I drew out a rough sketch of Facts as they occurred to my memory, and in that imperfect state sent it to the Press, fearing that had I taken time to revise and correct it, I might be removed far from the reach of a Printer. Now it being published, I am sensible that the Reader will have many opportunities to say that the language is capable of great improvement; nay, more, I am conscious that errors in the diction will occur to myself when I see it in print: but as I profess to relate Facts, I hope all those who prefer truth to elegance, will easily pardon any inaccuracy in my style, for "if partially allied or leagued in office I write more or less than truth, then am I no Soldier." When I was taking in subscriptions, I remember to have fallen into conversation with several persons who seemed very apprehensive that partiality would sway my Pen. Now if any of those doubtful souls should deign to turn over the following pages, I am persuaded that every circumstance unfavourable to Croppicism will be received as partiality or falsehood: for no man will willingly believe what he does not wish to credit. Some of them will be apt to cry out "oh did not I tell you that he would be partial; don't

you see how he endeavours (as far as the line of his slender abilities will allow him,) to throw a fair gloss upon all the actions of the Loyalists, while he attempts to lash (in a strain of ill-digested ridicule) all the advantages gained by the Sons of Liberty.——

Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon.

Though I must confess I have related the naked truth on both sides, I must also confess that I have not treated your friends with that respect you wish. I have past no high encomiums on a worthy set of people who have not only spent the last winter in forming the most harmless associations, but also commenced their summer career by assembling their thousands with the laudable design of overturning all decency and good order, and to enjoy themselves, the amusement of Piking to death, all those who adhered to their King and Constitution.

But gentlemen, I know you are furnished with arguments sufficient to confute any thing I can say, therefore I shall afford you but one answer, so well known to all that even Children not only speak but sing it in the streets, which is "*Croppies lie down*" take a sleep and forget your idle dreams of folly and vanity, awake to sense and reason, honesty and loyalty, and then I am your humble servant to "applaud you to the very Echo, till Echo shall applaud you back again."

INTRODUCTION.

NOW, before I enter upon the Battle of Gorey, I shall endeavour to give a short description of the commencement of the Rebellion near Dunboyne. Although the Croppies had during the winter been very busy with their private levies, yet they did not think proper to put their hostile intentions in practice, untill a few days after the capture of Lord *Edward Fitzgerald*. Among their first exploits, was their seizing a few Carr-loads of Baggage, belonging to Lord *Rhea's* Highlanders, and killing two or three of the Guard who were walking carelessly by the Carr sides unsuspecting of danger. This affair which happened at Dunboyne, caused such an alarm at Dublin that many scouting parties were sent to the country. I remember seeing two Carr-loads of Pikes and old Muskets brought into the Royal Square one morning: under the arms, covered with straw were the Bodies of three men, who had been killed in a skirmish with a party of Soldiers. The Bodies were hung up to public view for a whole day in Barrack-street, and afterwards buried in some obscure corner. Several Country people coming to market, brought us intelligence

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that some hundreds of Croppies with Pikes and Firelocks were assembled in a large field near the Black Bull some miles beyond Dumboyne. In consequence of this information, General Craig, with the 5th Dragoon-guards, the Dunbarton and Angusshire Fencibles, the Londonderry and Cavin Regiments of Militia, a Detachment of the Flying Artillery, and some Yeoman Cavalry, marched out in quest of this Hodge-podge army. Having proceeded five or six miles beyond Dublin, we found all the Cabins deserted and the doors secured by Padlocks, which we were forbid to touch. A few miles from the Black Bull we discovered three of the Angusshire Fencibles murdered by the road side. They had belonged to a detachment stationed at Lutrells-Town, whom Lieutenant Armstrong, of the Royal Irish Artillery had led out to recover the Baggage taken from Lord Rhea's Highlanders, but as their number consisted of no more than Eighteen including some Yeoman Cavalry, they were overpowered and forced to retreat, leaving five or six of their companions dead on the field. As we advanced, the Rebels who were apprized of our coming, retreated. The Cavalry in front had several times a full view of them, but lost them in the dusk of the evening: however in a little they met a young Boy whom they questioned but he pretended to be entirely ignorant until

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They called for a rope to fix about his neck, the poor fellow intimidated by these threats (which they by no means intended to put in execution) led us through several foot-paths, and brought us to a large Mansion-house, where he said we should find their Camp. As we entered the Haggard, a fellow from the top of a Hay-stack called out "Who's there," and being answered, "A Friend," he tumbled down and asked for the Pass-word (as he termed it) which they gave him in a bullet through his body. Another Sentry fired his piece, and would have run away but they prevented him. The Cavin and Dunbarton Regiments rushed into the field on the right of the house and formed a line of Battle, imagining the enemy to be in their front; but learning that the Camp (if a parcel of Hay and Straw deserves such a name) was in the rear they faced about, but most of the Croppies had taken to their heels when they heard the report of the Sentinel's piece. By this time, the Cavalry and some foot who had taken a circuit round another field, were advanced in front of the house. These mistaking us for the Enemy fired upon us, but General Craig and Colonel Scott who got between us and called out not to fire, (as we were friends) prevented any mischief. Some of the Rebels who had hid themselves behind the ditches and in the garden, thought to

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escape under favour of the night, but the Cavalry soon dispatched them. One of the Sentinels who was killed, had a Firelock belonging to the Rhea Highlanders; and about the field were scattered several pieces of Tartan Hose taken among the Baggage. In the Camp we found some Barrels of Butter-milk, and Bags of Potatoes, the only provision laid in for the lower ranks, but in the house, great quantities of Tea, Sugar, Porter, Spirits and Wine, were found by the Soldiers. We lay upon some Hay and Straw till day light, at which time we observed three Men with Pikes on their shoulders, walking at their leisure towards the house; I suppose they had been out foraging and mistook us for their friends; some of our Soldiers who were in too great a hurry to fire, prevented our taking them. Among the slain was one tall Man with a pair of White Breeches with Marine Bottons. Another fellow of a very decent appearance, was found concealed among some Pigs in a Stye, when dragged out he was interrogated, but would give no satisfactory account with respect to the number or intentions of the Rebels; he was therefore shot upon the spot. A young Girl was shot in the house by accident.—On our return to Dublin we set fire to all the Croppies houses by the way side. Dumboyne also was burnt to ashes.

THE
BATTLES
OF

Gorey, Arklow, and Vinegar-Hill.

WHEN the Dunbarton Regiment, to which I belong, marched from DUBLIN, I was on the Commander in Chief's guard, and of course remained behind; however, as far as I am able from information, I shall give a concise account of their excursions, as far as they are connected with the affair at GOREY, which I have engaged to describe; but when I come to treat of the Battle of ARKLOW, (in which I was a party concerned) I shall be more capacious in my description.

The first night the Regiment arrived at WICKLOW, and being informed that an Officer and some Privates of the Royal Army had been killed at a place which the Soldiers called the DEVIL'S GLEN, they next morning (with a detachment of the Ancient Britons, and a few Yeomen) went in quest of the Rebels who had committed the murder. When they had entered the GLEN, they discovered some sculking parties, of whom they killed to the amount of Eighty and then returned to WICKLOW; from whence they proceeded to ARKLOW, and from Arklow to Gorey, where they were joined by the Londonderry and Armagh Regiments, of Militia, the Tyrone and Suffolk Light Companies, the Ancient Britons, and a detachment of the Antrim Militia, all under the command of Gen. LOSTUS. On the 4th. of June this Army moved in two Divisions, having received intelligence that the Rebels were encamped upon Carrigrew-Hill. The Division under Colonel WALPOLE kept to the right, and General LOSTUS, with the Dunbarton Highlanders and 5th Dragoon Guards

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Guards took to the left. The Rebels who had that morning left Carrigrew-Hill were advancing to Gorey, when they met a woman who told them that the King's Troops were at hand, upon which they concealed themselves behind the ditches on each side of a narrow Glen through which the Troops must pass. Colonel Walpole marched on without the least suspicion, and was in the centre of his enemies when they started up on every side of him. Finding himself thus surprised he opposed his Cannon and Musketry to the Fire and Pikes of the Enemy: the contest lasted twenty minutes, but on the Cannons being dismounted, the Colonel killed; his men overpowered by superior numbers and on the point of being furrounded, were forced to retreat: the Rebels turned their own Cannon upon them.

General Loftus, who had advanced farther on the left, heard the firing and supposed that the Enemy had been beat, he therefore turned off to the right with a design to intercept them in their retreat; but when he reached the Scene of Action, the first object that caught his eye, was Colonel Walpole lying dead, and stripp'd to his Flannel Waistcoat; the place was covered with the bodies of the slain, some of whom had the marks of twenty pikes in their faces legs and breasts, which leads me to imagine that the Croppies delighted in exercising their wanton cruelty. In an adjacent Field our Troops discovered a great number of Saddled Horses, a few of which some of our Serjeants (though reluctantly) were obliged to pike, lest the Rebels should return and take them. General Loftus seeing no Enemy, moved on for Gorey, which route he suspected the Rebels to have taken. In the course of this march the Soldiers observed a great number of dead Croppies whom their friends had dragged into the houses as they pass. As this little Army came opposite to Gorey-Hill, the Rebels fired a Field-piece, the Bullet fell a little to the right of the Grenadiers. The General who did not think it prudent to attack them in such force, marched off

for Cornew: thus ended the Battle of Gorey, in which we lost 25 men, and the Rebels 150; and which the Soldiers called Gorey Races, because each strove to out-run his fellow. The Rebels got possession of Gorey, and our Flying Troops retreated to Arklow, which flattered the sons of Rebellion with the fairest prospect of future success; but when their minds were raised to the very pinnacle of insolence, their blooming hopes were blasted like an unwholesome Pear, that withers ere it ripens.

On Thursday the 7th of June, those of our Regiment who were left behind, received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march. Before Ten o'Clock at night, the Old Custom-house Yard was filled with Coaches, Chaises, Jaunting-Cars, &c. At Nine on Friday morning we moved off, fully resolved to dedicate the last drop of our Blood to the service of that Government which had so generously indulged us in so unprecedented a manner. Now Reader if this simple Narrative, after an hundred years have elapsed, should fall into the hands of some Lover of Antiquity: presumptuous thought! and yet who knows,—come imagination lend your pleasing assistance; suppose a copy of this should fall into the hands of some stingy Miser who has no heart either to use or loose the smallest article, my poor Pamphlet may be buried with some lumber in a Garret till some Spend-thrift heir of this penurious family hath dispersed his Grand-Sire's hoarded store, at length my Pamphlet catches his eye, he snatches it up, runs to the Whiskey-shop and after spending half an hour in expatiating upon its merits, (though he never read it) tells it to the Land-Lady for half a glass to drown remorse; some tippling orator reads (or attempts to read it) Gods! how his audience will stare, when they hear that Government had indulged the Soldiery with Coaches, Chaises, Jaunting-Cars, &c. they will not believe it—Well let them live in their incredulity, you and I, reader, are convinced of the truth of it; so we'll proceed

proceed with our History. As we past the Royal Exchange our good friends the Yeomen honoured us with three cheers, and "Success attend you, Boys" resounded through the Crowd. It is impossible for me to express my sensations upon this occasion; but every lover of his King and Country may partly conceive it. In a few hours we lost sight of Dublin, a City of which I shall think and speak (as long as I can think and speak) with the utmost respect and gratitude.

Ah Dublin dear!——

Though Fate may force me from thy Sight,
No Ill but Death can blot Thee from my mind.

Nothing worth notice occurred till we came to Bray. This town seemed to us (whose minds were filled with the idea of sweet Dublin,) exceeding diminutive. All the male inhabitants bore arms, and those of the lower order, though dressed in their ordinary garb, had pieces of blue or red Rags prefixed to the front of their hats as Badges of their Loyalty, and to distinguish them from the Croppies. Here we met a Corporal of the King's County, who was very communicative: he told us that two days previous to our arrival, they had hanged a man, "there (said he) is the House of a Rebel; we demolished it because he had some Amunition concealed in a back room,—we sent him on board a Man of War,—we made pretty well by plunder; and if I be spared till I die"—In truth he continued his story very long and might have continued till he had fallen asleep, (for without the least offence to his honour, I believe he was somewhat Whiskey-struck, or had tasted of the River Ergane,) but our Drum beat, I took Coach; the Corporal followed me to the Carriage Door and resumed his History, but the unfeeling Coach-man drove off and left the Tippling Historian in the very middle of a sentence. In our route to Wicklow we saw the remains of several Houses that had been burnt, partly by the
Soldiers

Soldiers and Yeomanry from Bray, and partly by the Rebels when they found the inhabitants unpropitious to their cause. It was past Twelve at Night ere we arrived at Wicklow, and as no beds could be had at that time, we took up our Lodging at a Quakers Meeting-House, where we lay untill morning in our Blankets: I am persuaded that had many of our young Soldiers wrote home from this place to their Mothers, they would be apt to inveigh most bitterly against the hardships of War; and yet on our march through Wicklow Mountains, which took place some weeks thereafter, when we had neither Houses nor Tents to screen us from a severe Air and a deluge of Rain, the very best of us might be ready to mistake a Quakers Meeting-House for a Terrestrial Paradise. From Wicklow we proceeded on our way to Arklow, where we arrived about the middle of the day. I was told that some few days ago this had been a flourishing little Town; but by this time, alas! it bore the most evident marks of that devastation which is always the Concomitant of War. At some Shops where the Painting on the Sign-boards promised all manner of Groceries, we could not purchase so much as a Half-penny worth of Tobacco*,—Shelves, Boxes, Counters, Barrels, &c were all converted into Fuel for the use of the Soldiers who were then the Tenants. Taverns, licensed to sell Wine and Foreign Spirits, could not afford one Noggin of Whiskey,—some of their best Parlours, once the scenes of Conviviality were now become the habitations or stables of Horses; every thing of value being either destroyed or carried away; for the Rebels who had no regular supply of Provisions were under the necessity of plundering indiscriminately both friend and foe.

Having marched through the Town, we took up our ground on the left of the Durham Fencibles a few yards beyond the Barraeks. Here we had scarce thrown off
our

* In Country Towns, Grocers sell Tobacco.

our Knapsacks when an alarm was given that the Enemy was approaching, owing to the report of a Rebel-Deferter; but so little credit was given to his assertions that a Regt. in the Field was making preparations to punish one of their men, but the arrival of some Yeomen Cavalry who declared that the Rebels were within a mile of us, suspended the operation: then all was in a bustle, the Aid de camps and Brigade-Major galloped about and call'd for the General; the Soldiers began to examine their Flints; and those who had got their Loaves served out were willing to eat as much as possible lest the Bread should fall into the hands of the Croppies, so great an aversion did we bear to those unprincipled gentry, who had even dared to entertain the presumptuous idea of destroying our Glorious King and Constitution. The Inhabitants who had remained in town, fled to their Boats which lay ready upon the Beach to receive them. General Needham drew all the Troops out of Town and formed them to the best advantage. The Cavin Regt. with the Gorey dismounted Cavalry, the Arklow Yeomanry, and some detachments from other Corps, under the command of the brave Colonel Maxwell, extended a line from the centre of the Town along the Ditches almost to the Fisher-men's Huts on the left near the Sea. On the right of the Cavin, the Durham Fencibles were drawn up in front of their encampment with two Field-pieces. Detachments of the Armagh and some others occupied the end of the main Street adjoining the Kings Highway on the right of the Durham. The Antrim, with some other detachments were stationed in the Barracks on the right of the Armagh near the River in rear of the Town. The 4th Dragoon-Guards, the Ancient Britons, and several Corps of Yeomen Cavalry, were drawn up on the Dublin road, north side of the Bridge. These were the different positions of the Army, when the Dunbartonshire Highlanders were ordered out about a Quarter of a Mile in front of the Armagh, to

In the Ditches on each side of the main road where the Enemy was advancing: it was my chance to be of this party.—When the Croppies appeared with their green Rags fixed to Pole-heads in imitation of Colours; they fired, which compliment we returned. As I did not think my Halbert a proper weapon to annoy the Enemy at a distance, I exchanged it for a Firelock: and here I appeal to all thote who were present if I did not by example and precept exert my utmost power to animate my brother Soldiers. I speak not this through ostentation, but merely to prove that though my Halbert has since been transferred to other hands it was not for cowardice, a crime reckoned in ancient times the greatest disgrace of all disgraces in a Soldier.

I remember to have seen one fellow who stood in the centre of the road, neither advancing nor retreating, but seemingly encouraging others; several shots were fired at him without effect; but at length he was brought to the ground. When we had exchanged about a dozen rounds, an Aid de Camp from the General ordered us to retreat and join the Armagh in the Street. This we did in seeming confusion, and the Rebels (no doubt) thinking that we fled, came on with great vaunting, setting up a loud Huzza. One fellow (an Officer) inspired with the spirits of Whiskey, (of which they had drank very copiously at a village called Coolgreene) galloped in front, having something resembling a stand of Colours in his hand, (Serjeant-Major Fisher, of the Dunbartons has it in his possession) and waving his Hat, called out "Blood and Wounds my Boys, come on, the Town is our own." But ere the Fool hardy Hero was aware, he turned the corner of a House which brought him almost to the mouth of a Field-piece, surrounded by some hundreds of Soldiers, ready to fire or receive him on the points of their Bayonets. At so unwelcome, and perhaps so unexpected a sight, he curbed his Gallant Steed, and stared himself like Young Hamlet when he sees his Father's Ghost,
but

But a volley of small shot laid his Horse sprawling in the dust and broke his own Thigh; though he fell under his Horse he had cunning enough to lie still, and might probably have passed for a dead man, had he not, like Sir John Falstaff in the Battle of Shrewsbury, raised his head to take a peep round about him: this being observed, four or five Bayonets were plunged into his body. In the midst of his agony he stretched out his arm to shake hands with one of the Soldiers and exclaiming at the same time, "Oh Blood and Wounds, Soldiers, dont, dont." But the Soldier sent a Bullet through his head, which soon put a period to the Life and adventures of this drunken Knight of the green Banner.* Another Cavalier who came courting at his heels having his Horse shot under him, ran into a House, where in the hurry of Battle he might have lain concealed, had he not had the temerity to fire a Pistol at Corporal M'Dougald. The Corporal gave him a sleeping dose which made his spirits evaporate in fumes of Whiskey: and his noble soul which refused to pay his reckoning upon earth, was sent to settle his accompts in the region of—I dont know where.

Reverend shade of the Renowned Father Murphy, pardon my dilatory Pen which has so long delayed to relate thy great, thy glorious, thy Quixotic or mad-like Atchievements.—Father Murphy was sensible of the insufficiency of human strength, he therefore, had recourse (or pretended to have recourse) to miracles; for he had been long in the practice of teaching his adherents that he could catch or ward off the Balls with his hand. Oh wonderfull Iron-fisted Father Murphy I had it been thy lot to have entered the list in a Boxing match, with Feutrel, Humphry, Big Ben, or Mendoza, they had not so long reigned the wonder, the pride and admiration of the humane Rabble. Father
Murphy

* He had a Green Banner in his Hand

Murphy could ward off the Bullets, and yet as he rode in front, encouraging his Troops to advance, an unmannerly Grape Shot obtruded itself upon his skull, before the good man had time to put forth his Hand to stop it. Some of his followers who saw him fall, dragged him into a House, perhaps with a view to restore him to life, or probably to conceal him, lest his death should discourage the poor Galls whom he had deluded. The House, or Cabbin was adjoining several others, which served as a shelter to the Rebels who fired from behind them. Our Troops, to deprive them of their sculking places, set fire to one Hut; the flames communicated with others and reached that in which the remains of the Mob-deceiving Father Murphy lay, and there I shall leave him till I have given a farther description of the Battle; and then if I can spare as much time, I shall return again to satisfy the Reader, who must certainly be very anxious about the fate of so great a man. Though the Rebels were deprived (as I said) of their sculking-places, yet they still continued to pour in fresh Troops; (if I may be allowed the expression) but a Six pounder which served as a Base to the music of the Musketry, made many of them dance back in quick time.

Having thus failed in their attempt upon the main Street, they extended a long irregular line in front of the Durham and Cavin, (as I think) with a design to turn our left flank, but those two Regiments, with the dismounted Gorey-men and Arklow Yeomanry plied them so well with hard Pills, that many a poor Croppy died under the operation. However their Musket-men kept up a brisk fire from behind ditches, (which covered them up to the very chin) and sorry I am to say with too much success, for three brave fellows of the Durham and one of the Londonderry fell martyrs to their Loyalty. Farewell, brave Comrades, while the tear of pity shall bedew your memory my heart shall heave one sigh for Serjeant Divine.

B

Reader,

Reader, poor Serjeant Divine had served in the Cavin Light Company; he left a Wife and some Children in Dublin;—when he had imprinted the parting kiss upon her trembling lips, herequested Heaven to bless her. “Take care of the Children, my love (said he) till my return:—but alas! he shall never return, most hapless widow, the Messenger of Death hath pierced his Brassy Breast-plate, and spilt that Heart blood which flowed for you, his King, his Country, and his Children. May his memory be sacred to every Lover of Loyalty. He fell! but he fell like a Soldier. Besides the killed, several were wounded. Colonel Maxwell had his Horse shot under him; he had likewise several Bullets through his Hat: but I hope Heaven has reserved him for a better fate than to fall by the hands of such miscreants.

Two Field-pieces taken from the Londonderry at Gorey, were played upon us, from an eminence opposite the Durham and Cavin; but as the chief management of these Pieces was entrusted to a Serjeant of the Antrim who had been made their Prisoner, we sustained no damage for some time, for at every shot, he pointed with so much elevation that the Balls whistled over our heads: but being observed by one of his officers, he was so far obliged to rectify this seeming mistake, that the very next Shot struck one of the Durham Field-pieces and smashed the Carriage to pieces, which pleased the Croppy officer so well, that he cried out “a Hundred Pounds for a Soldier,” meaning, I suppose, that one trained Soldier was better than many of his rude followers. Another Shot struck the Halbert out of the hands of a Serjeant of the Cavin; some forced their way through the Tents, and others struck upon the roofs of Houses. And here if the Reader will pardon me, I shall relate (though it may seem rather Ludicrous) the adventure of one Buller. An old woman contiguous to the River, being ambitious to oblige the Soldiers, ran and dipt a Bucket in the water

water, at that instant a Cannon shot fell within a yard of her and splashed some quarts of dirt and water in her face. Being seized with a temporary blindness, she took to her heels and tumbled over a large Pig, which got up in a fright and carried her some yards before she fell from his back.

When the Dunbarton Detachment had retreated according to orders, the Enemy advanced on the right of the road in front of the Barracks, (which was well surrounded by a strong wall) but they did not seem to relish their entertainment, for they turned their backs before they completed their visit. As the General was riding up Street, a man of seeming respectability, came and told him that the Rebels were making full speed for a lane which led (on the right of the Barracks) from the River to the centre of the Town. To check their progress, the General ordered out a Subaltern, Serjeant and twelve men. Though I hate Egotism truth compels me to say I volunteered upon that duty, under the command of Mr Douglas, whose conduct did not in the least disgrace the memory of the ancient Heroes of that name he bears. As we turned down the lane to take possession of our post, we observed some hundreds of the united gentry advancing towards us; but we sent so many leaden messengers to forbid their visit, that many of them (to speak in a military stile) fell back: but the reader may take it in the literal sense if he pleases. When their design of forcing the lane had miscarried, they attempted to ford the water, but in this they were also disappointed. However that it might not be said that they came upon a Fool's Errand, they retreated across a Field to a Protestant Clergy-man's House, which they burnt, destroyed and drank all the Liquor in the Celler; and set up such a hallowing and hooping as might be mistaken for the music of Savages, at an Indian sacrifice. Having got rid of our imputant visitants, I requested Mr. Douglas to let me go where the Battle was still carried on, but

he would by no means at that time, allow me to leave my post. However in a few minutes thereafter I was ordered up to the street to observe how matters went on. As I passed through the Lane, an old woman popt her head out at a Cabin door, "Holy Jetus (said she) the sound of the guns shake the cabin, shall I fly or shall I be burnt alive?" I told her to fear nothing, for all was in our favour. "Heavens be praised (cried she) Take a drink of water: I wish it had been Wine or Butter-milk for your sake." I thanked the matron and accepted her offer. When I came to the Street, several Horse-men were galloping about with orders. At the windows I observed some well dress'd women, who were very anxious about the fate of the day, for they asked with seeming impatience, "How are they going on now? For God's sake, shall we get the better of them?" I told them we should; and one of them called me to take a drink of Grog, but she durst not open the door, so she thrust a Bowl out of the window, about a story above my head, and as I happened to be none of the Goliath breed, I was obliged to look up like the Fox at the sour Grapes.

The Firing still continued at the south of the Town and I was tempted to make towards it. In my way through a Potatoc-garden I had an adventure with a Pike-man, which (lest I should incur the imputation of boasting) I forbear to mention. When I had reached the scene of Action, I found the Troops firing away behind a ditch, a good way to the front of the spot where the Battle had begun: some Croppies had by this time entered the Street between the Fishermens Houses; to some of which they set Fire, and endeavoured to make their way into the main Street by the end of the Bridge under cover of the Smoke, but this post was so well defended by some detachments from different Regiments, that their scheme proved abortive; for Colonel Sir Watkin Wynne, with some at the 4th. and 5th. Dragoons, a part of his own Regiment,

giment, and some Yeoman Cavalry, made a charge which they attempted to resist with their Pikes ; however it was but an attempt, for they were obliged to fly ; though Captain Knox lost his life in the contest. The Foot on the right ceased firing while the charge lasted ; but when the pursuit dropt, they commenced again. By this time the Sun was almost set, and the Rebels began to retreat in every direction. I remember we took a tall fellow prisoner : he protested his innocence, and shewed us a Protection he had from Dublin, but the Soldiers were for dispatching him ; however I did what I could to save his life, and succeeded so well that a Serjeant of the Tyrone or Londonderry, took him to the General, tho' next morning I saw him lying dead in a brook below the Barracks : some of the Arklow Yeomanry swore that he had been Tarr'd a few days before.

The United men made the best shift they could to draw off the Cannon, but I'm told by a Soldier of our Regiment, who was their Prisoner, that two dozen men might have taken both Pieces ; their ammunition as well as their courage being all expended ; and indeed they much dreaded a pursuit, and said that if such a thing was to happen, they would leave the Guns and shift for themselves. I returned to my Post and stood all night (as did the rest of the Troops) under arms. Though many of the most head-strong of the Rebels were for renewing the attack at night, some of the more moderate dissuaded them from their purpose ; which was perhaps no difficult task, as the gentlemen probably only wished to display their courage by words. Be that as it will, we only saw a few of them dancing round the flames of a House which they had set on fire the opposite side of the River. An hour after day-light we joined our detachments, after which I took an opportunity of surveying the road and adjacent fields. I confess I was shocked at seeing such a number of miserable wretches brought by their own folly

folly to an untimely end : some were shot through the head, several through the breast ; others had half of their faces torn away by the Cannon Balls ; some were stript quite naked by the Soldiers, while others were suffered to lie in their rags, because they were not worth the taking. I remember to have heard two wounded Rebels in a ditch, consulting how to make their escape, but two Yeomen with their Swords, put an end to their consultations. Dead Men and Horses were lying in heaps in the Fields, on the Roads, and in the Ditches. Oh, Ireland ! why were you seduced to your own destruction ?

As I was returning to the Barrack my Nose was accosted with a disagreeable Smell, upon enquiry I found it to proceed from the body of Father Murphy, whose Leg and Thigh were burnt into the very Bone. " My Gorge was turned ; " I could eat no meat for some days. His Head was fixed upon the wall of a Burnt Cabin. Farewell Father Murphy, may folly die with you. But perhaps the reader may think that I have treated this venerable character with too much levity, and the more so as he was a Roman Catholic. This leads me to a digression, Reader ; I believe that different sentiments in Religion depends upon circumstances ; for instance, had I been born in Constantinople, I might have been a Mahometan ; had I made my first entry in France or Spain, I might have been a Roman Catholic ; had I been a native of England, I might have been a Lutheran ; but as I happened to behold the first ray of light in Scotland, I am a Presbyterian, but not such a rigid one but what I believe that any man who acts according to the dictates of his conscience, may be a good man, though of a different opinion from myself : on the other hand, if a man acts in open contradiction to what he professes, let him be Turk, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, or Presbyterian ; that man, not his profession, becomes the object of my ridicule.

In the Battle of Arklow we had one Captain, one Serjeant, and Six Privates killed, and about twenty wounded. The Rebels lost between Five Hundred and Two Thousands. The General having order'd that we should raise Entrenchments round the Camp, we worked most of the day at leveling or raising Ditches, and from Eleven at Night till Four in the Morning, stood under Arms: the fatigue was very great; but as we took it for the good of the service, we bore all without murmuring. On the Monday after the Battle, a Yeoman found an old servant of his own wounded in a ditch, and while he was bringing him to the General, had it not been for the interposition of an Officer, the Soldiers would have killed him. On the same afternoon two men were found among Straw, in one of the Fishermen's Huts. Tuesday forenoon a Court Martial sat, and in the afternoon the three were hanged upon three trees in the centre of the Town. The Yeoman's Servant said he would die by the Green; and strange to say, yet true it is, that as he hung, a small piece of a green branch fell into his bosom, and remained by way of a Possie. Every day we had false alarms. One morning a party of Dragoons made an excursion almost to the Rebel Camp, and brought home a Centinel, who was hanged the day following. Mr. Burke, a Yeoman taken by the Rebels, arrived from Gorey; it was immediately reported that he came as an ambassador from the Croppies, with an offer to lay down their arms. Let that be true or false, certain it is, that after undergoing an examination he was sent to the Guard-house, and so great was his apprehensions, (from the menaces of the Soldiers, who told him he was instantly to die) that I saw him upon his knees begging for Christ's sake that they would not be too precipitate, but give him time to write to his Captain who would clear him from all suspicion. Every day the Piquets or Foraging parties discovered some dead bodies in the fields or ditches; and indeed the stench was was intolerable

erable, for two days had elapsed before the slain were buried, nor were their funeral obsequies attended with much ceremony; some being dragged by the heels, others, with cords about their necks were drawn into the burnt huts and the wall knocked down upon them. I saw Father Murphy's head, three days after the Battle, lying in a ditch before the tents. I am still seized with a fit of spitting when I recollect one circumstance; we were forced to have recourse to the River for drink, as well as for water to cook our victuals, till several dead Men and Horses were seen floating upon the water a little above the Town, and yet General Needham's servants would not suffer us to touch the Well in the yard. However we discovered a Fountain, called the Soldiers' well, which (though at some distance) supplied us with water.

I believe none but a savage could look without pity on some of the wretched women, begging and starving through the streets; several of them with Children at their breasts. I gave one of them a few crumbs of bread and some skinny bits of flesh, which she devoured with the voracity of an Hawk; on another I bestowed a penny and she repaid me with a prayer worth a shilling. It is well known that Soldiers in time of War, (notwithstanding all orders to the contrary) will plunder; Hens, Chickens, Ducks Geese, and even Pigs, they take as a prey to themselves. Now Reader, I could lay the price of one of my Copies that you think I mean to say our army did the same—I beg your pardon, I tell no such tale; let that Fly stick in the Wall, says an old Scots proverb.

On the 19th of June we left Arklow, and after marching a few miles we halted by the way side: various were the reports that flew from right to left, Some said that General Lake had surrounded the Rebels, and that we only halted till they were drove in upon us; others maintained that they were still upon Greyc-Hill. However, after two or three hours halt

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we renewed our march, in the course of which the Horsemen killed about fourteen or fifteen fellows, whom they found sculking behind ditches with Pikes in their hands. We entered Gorey without the least opposition, the Rebels having abandoned it with precipitation a few hours before our arrival. The afternoon brought on a deluge of rain—The Troops quartered themselves the best way they could in the houses, most of which were despoiled of their furniture. We found a Howitzer which was ordered to be spiked; Books, Papers, &c. were scattered about the streets; and great quantities of Pork, Beef, and Mutton lay stinking in many of the houses which the Croppies had occupied. Some Yeoman Cavalry discovered an emaciated wretch concealed below a parcel of hay; they brought him to the General, his arm was tyed in a handkerchief with a piece of red tape, and his shirt sleeve bloody, being asked where he received his wound, he answered in a whining tone “at Arklow,” the General ordered them to let him go; but another fellow taken near the same place was not so lucky; as he was found with a Pike in his hand, some kicked him, others struck him; and two Yeomen with swords knocked him down and clove his skull, Captain Hardy of the Durhams, with one stroke of his sword severed his head almost from his body.

On the 20th some Light Troops marched through the town, we followed them, and arrived at Owlart, where we encamped: here Major Lumbart with a hundred and twenty-six of the North Cork were cut off by the rebels. The detachment marched from Wexford early on Whitsunday morning. The rebels who descry'd them at a distance, concealed their main strength behind the ditches on the height, and those who thought proper to appear, on the approach of the detachment pretended to fly; 'tis said the Major ordered his men to pursue them, and not to fire till they were within a few yards of them. The rebels who

had by this time began to rally, received their enemy's fire with some loss, then rushed on with their Pikes while their companions, in sedition started up from their ambuscade and surrounded the detachment, who after selling their lives as dear as possible, were cut to pieces except seven who survived to carry the doleful news to Wexford. I have heard different accounts of this affair but I believe this is the most likely to be true. Now, I know that we have many who impeach the army with cruelty, and I would advise those wise people (whose pretended sagacity proceeds from their ignorance) to consider that though the Croppies had been fair enemies and no rebels, after their barbarity at Cwlast the laws of retaliation would justify the greatest severity that could be practised against them. In the neighbourhood of this place some of our men found a serjeant's coat, a silver laced hat, and several other articles belonging to the North Cork, which the inhabitants had left in their precipitate flight upon the approach of the King's Troops.

We had not been above an hour at Owlart when an Express arrived from General Lake to General Needham, in consequence of which we were ordered to strike our Tents and begin our march in the dusk of the Evening, with positive injunctions to observe the most profound silence. The occasion of this movement was, that the Commander in Chief had designed to collect as many troops as he thought expedient to surround Vinegar-hill; the reduction of that place being so necessary for carrying on his operations against Wexford, the head-quarters of the rebels.—Generals Johnson and Eusace with a column from Ross, (where they had lately gained a most signal victory over the sons of rebellion) were already arrived in the neighbourhood of Enniscorthy. Lieutenant-General Dundas, Major-Generals Sir James Duff and Loftus had also brought their columns close to the scene of action, where they lay impatient for day-light

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In order to co-operate with these troops we marched all night and arrived about day-break within a mile and half of the hill on the left, where we lay for about an hour, rolled up in our Blankets in the ditches by the road's side. I was just beginning to dose when I heard some of our men cry out that they had a fair view of Vinegar-hill from a piece of rising ground a little to the right of us. I instantly started up and repaired to the place above mentioned, from which I could easily discern the rebel flag and tree of liberty displayed from an old wind mill near the summit of the hill (but the hill is by no means so high as some people imagine) it is said that upon this, and an adjacent height they had 30,000 men (including those at Enniscorthy) but I am doubtful if they could muster quite so strong; for though the day previous to the attack, many were employed in casting musket bullets to the amount of 6000, and in making other necessary preparations for a vigorous defence, yet I am told that hundreds slunk away and took a french leave of their fellow rebels.

When our men (General Needham's army) saw the rebel flag, they showed the most eager desire to begin the attack, but it was near six o'clock before we were put in motion, and even then instead of marching straight forward we were ordered to take a circuit of at least five or six miles, which made it impossible for us to be up in time. This we much dreaded, because ere we had marched two miles from our last ground we heard the cannonading from General Johnson's column who, began the attack upon the town of Enniscorthy near the Foot, and a little to the right of Vinegar-hill, Lieutenant-General Dundas commanded the center column, supported upon the right by Major Generals Sir James Duff and Loftus.

All the field pieces attached to the different Regiments which composed those columns commenced firing by pouring out thick showers of grape shot

among their enemies. The night before the attack, the Croppies had planted a field-piece at the foot of the hill with which they no doubt promised to perform wonders, but the day of the battle, it was dragged up to the top where it was made to contribute its part (in concert with some other field-pieces) to vomit forth the thunder of rebellion against his Majesty's liege subjects. The Croppies' musket men lined a ditch that ran along the foot of the hill, and kept up a very smart fire which did some damage to our troops.

Alexander Hatterick of the Dunbartonshire Highlanders who was taken at Gorey, told me that they had the impudence to entertain some hopes of a victory. Several of them asked his opinion and when he gave his advice to retreat he narrowly escaped being Piked; however the thunder of the Royal Artillery had a wonderful effect in making them change their tone, a large party of them attempted to force their way on the left of the hill, but the Light Brigade under Colonel Campbell who occupied that post saluted them with a shower of hail stones something harder than boiled peas, drove them back, and pursued them up the hill. In their retreat they were severely galled by the grape shot which flew from the field-pieces belonging to the Dunbartonshire Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Dougald McDougald.—General Needham's army (of which I made one) was by this time advanced on the left almost to the foot of the hill, where we were commanded to order arms and stand at ease. I jumped upon the top of a ditch from whence I could observe the confusion among the Croppies, I remarked in particular one fellow galloping up and down upon a white horse in apparent disorder, and though I am told the Gentleman was a Commanding Officer, I am apt to believe that he would willingly have given his commission to be out of the reach of the unmannerly bullets which threw up the dust about his horse's heels.

As soon as the Light Brigade had gained the summit of the hill, a general foot-race commenced among the Croppies, and happy was the man who could sit down some miles hence and thank his legs for carrying him so far out the reach of danger. When the enemy retreated the cavalry pursued and made great havock among them, though some of them had the impudence (when they got on the inside of a ditch) to turn about and fire upon their pursuers.

It was thought by some of the soldiers who are perhaps none of the greatest politicians) that General Needham had orders to let the Croppies escape as government might be unwilling to cut off so many deluded wretches in the very midst of their sins. The reason they assign for this opinion is, that had the General advanced a little sooner and drawn a line from the left of General Dundas's column to the river, it would be impossible for the rebels to escape to Wexford, but this is but mere conjecture and very immaterial to us whose sole business was to obey. I cannot say but it gave me infinite pleasure to see the rebel flag pulled down, may it always meet with a similar fate whenever it is advanced.

The King's County and 89th Regiment ran up the hill with great impetuosity every man firing as he thought proper and so eager were they to get at the enemy, that the swiftest man was the foremost regardless of any order. Colonel Scott marched up his Regiment in line, and took possession of a great quantity of ammunition, &c. left by the rebels. He received the thanks of General Dundas as well as of General Loftus, for not suffering his men to break their ranks and General Dundas reported the conduct of the Colonel and the Regiment to the Commander in Chief at Vinegar-hill in the handsomest manner. I am told that some of the soldiers found a great quantity of plate and other valuable articles which the rebels had collected in their marauding excursions through the
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Country. In this battle two subalterns, two serjeants and sixteen privates were killed, two field officers, two captains, two subalterns, one serjeant and sixty-two privates wounded.—The loss of the rebels was computed to about 1200 men. After the battle we saw a young woman with a hat and green band lying dead by the way side. Another who came to visit her husband had the mortification to see him killed before her face and in addition to her misery her daughter a girl of eleven years of age had her arm shot away almost by the shoulder. Several instances of this kind could I give, but let the following suffice. As we past we saw a woman wounded in a ditch, surrounded by three or four children. She told the General and other Officers a pitious tale, how her husband had been forced to join the rebels, and how she herself had been wounded. She begged the soldiers to shoot her, but they would not contaminate their arms with a woman's blood. She asked for a drink of water and they gave her grog which revived her drooping spirits for a little. The General took the children and sent them to Dublin to be taken care of, and death took the mother to be sent to the grave—to be buried and forgotten.

Now reader, having heard those pityful stories no more sad than true, by way of variety I shall entertain you with a whimsical circumstance which took place after the battle; as General Loftus, Colonel Scott and Captain White were riding out to discover a convenient place for an encampment some of the soldiers who had mistaken them for enemies fired upon them; one of the bullets went through the ear of Captain White's horse. Not much disconcerted by this accident they rode on and were mightily surprized to see a fine saddle horse without a rider galloping after them, the Colonel observed that he was a mighty good looking horse, Captain White said he was a fine Croppie but upon a closer inspection the Captain exclaimed by God

it is my own horse, and in reality so it was. Now that the reader may not be in the dark with regard to this affair, I shall thus account for it; Captain Whites servant who had rode behind them was so terrified at the hissing of the bullets that he alighted and hid himself in a ditch but the horse who was the better soldier of the two disdained to flinch, so he galloped after his master.

General Needham's army after receiving a little refreshment of Bread and Whiskey, took the route for Wexford, in pursuit of the flying enemy: the road for a mile or more was strewed with dead bodies. That evening we arrived at Mr. Haysimansion where we encamped all night. Several prisoners were brought in, one of whom was shot near the Park Gate, others were set at liberty by the General's orders, I saw one man taken upon a white horse; the soldiers had him down upon his knees two or three times to shoot him but as he evinced evident symptoms of insanity they dismissed him. In the morning we continued our march for Wexford, some miles to the westward we saw a great dust ascending from the road but Colonel Skerret who had recourse to his perspective glass told us that it proceeded from our own troops who were marching to Wexford by the Carrick-ferry road. Having past Castle Bridge we halted, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bambridge with some horse and foot returned to Mr. Dixen's house, where he found a hat with a green cockade and band. When we halted it was reported that Wexford Bridge had been burnt by the rebels, in consequence of which a light horse man was detached off, who returned with orders for us from General Lake (who was arrived in town) to return to Owlart Camp. On our retreat I saw Mr. Dixen's house (from which I suppose the hat had been taken) all in flames. A few miles from Castle Bridge we set fire to a Malt House belonging to the Arch Rebel Fitzgerald.

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In the evening we encamped at Owlart. — Next morning I saw a large pit where some of the brave but unfortunate North Cork were buried; their legs and arms were bare, and a few of their fingers and toes were eat by the pigs, but we covered them decently with earth. At Owlart there lived a woman who had three daughters, she had a son also who was wounded at Vinegar-hill, he returned to his mother's house to be cured, but the soldiers dragged him out and shot him in a potatoe garden where he was afterwards buried. Two Militia Soldiers watching their opportunity, caught one of the dumb girls and her mother whom they ravished. The father coming to their assistance was used with the utmost brutality. The mother and daughter came to the Camp and by the General's permission pointed out the ravishers, who were condemned to receive a severe flogging.

The rebels who had retreated from Vinegar-hill, fled to Ferry Carrick. — Lord Kingsborough who had been prisoner at Wexford was solicited by the rebels to bring about an accommodation, for this purpose his Lordship deputed an Officer of the North Cork and one of the rebels to advise the Croppies not to approach the town till matters were adjusted, he at the same time allowed Captain M'Manus to repair to General Moore who was advancing to Taghmon, with terms of submission from Mr. Keughe and some of the inhabitants of Wexford; but ere those detained for the rebel Camp had reached Carrick Ferry, one Timothy Whalen a vagabond rebel, shot the King's Officer from behind a ditch. The report of this being carried to Wexford. The rebels under Mr. Perry after murdering 79 prisoners upon the Bridge, and hearing that General Moore was approaching, fled towards Gorey. Their intention was to have murdered the remaining prisoners the following day in their usual manner, which was to strip them naked, Pike and throw them over the Bridge.

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The King's Troops entered Wexford without the least opposition which was a joyful sight to every loyal subject. Father Roche from the Rebel Camp had the impudence to ride into Town with proposals but he was immediately taken into custody. Fitzgerald with the Rebels under his command fled towards Kilkenny and left the County of Wexford to the King's troops. Father Roche was tried, executed and his body thrown over the Bridge.—Captain Kenghe the Rebel Commandant at Wexford, was a half-pay Officer and had served the King in the American War. After the retreat of the Rebels he remained in Wexford having some property which he was unwilling to lose; he was tried, executed for a traitor, and his head fixed upon a Croppie Pike, upon the Session House though he attempted to exculpate himself before his Judges. Mr. Grogan a gentleman of a considerable fortune was also seized, hanged and his head placed upon the Culpola. I remember one day when I came in from Carrick Ferry where our regiment was encamped, I saw four men led to execution. Jack Murphy walked without hat, shoe, or stocking, with his hair hanging loose about his shoulders, he requested the prayers of the public and hoped they would suffer his wife to take care of his body: Sutton and his Son two of the four were either acquitted or pardoned I cannot tell which. When the ropes were fixed about Murphy and Pender's necks, the soldiers were ordered to hoist them up, after Pender was drawn up I was astonished when I heard him attempt to speak in a mumbling tone for the space of two minutes, this was owing to the rope not being properly fixed, I am sure he died in great pain. Bagnel Harvey the Rebel Commander in Chief, after his defeat at Goffe's Bridge took a boat in company with Mr. Colclough and his wife, and putting on board all the specie and plate he could collect, made off for one of the Saltee Islands, where they lay concealed in a cave waiting an opportunity of some vessel

to carry them to France ; but the boat being discovered, a party of the Military was sent after them.—As two of the soldiers entered the cave, Harvey who had a double barrel gun, asked if they had brought many men to take him ; upon being told that resistance would be in vain, he surrendered and was carried with his two companions to Wexford, where he was tried, condemned, executed and his head put up upon the right of Mr. Grogan's.—He said he could have beat the army if the cowardly B—g—s, his men had supported him at Goffe's Bridge, he was a middle aged man of a low stature and puny appearance.

Captain Kelly a farmer's son who had been wounded in the leg at Vinegar-hill, was taken, tried and executed ; he denied having any command among the Rebels, and requested the prayers of the public.—His head was the fourth and last fixt upon one of the Rebel Pikes under Captain Keughe's head on Wexford Session House.

About this time a report having been propagated that some thousands of Rebels were encamped at the Seven Churches, we marched from Carrick Ferry and arrived at Enniscorthy where we joined the Hessians and other corps under the command of General Moore. I saw a man that evening hanged but as I was told that he had often sat in judgment upon some loyalists whom the Rebels had put to death, I could not look upon his exit without that degree of pity which we generally bestow upon the common run of malefactors.—It was melancholy to observe such a number of poor people's houses burnt to the ground in the suburbs of Enniscorthy, as well as some comfortable if not elegant buildings in the town. We left our camp at Enniscorthy the following morning, and encamped that evening in a field near Cornew ; this town had also been burnt to ashes. Here we saw General Lake and the 89th Regiment of Foot, we continued our route through Hacketstown which the Rebels had burnt

burnt, only one house had escaped the conflagration. At the end of the town as we marched out, I counted eighteen dead horses half buried in a ditch by the road side, the stench proceeding from these carcases was most abominable, I was told that they had belonged to the Rebels who had made an unsuccessful attempt upon the town when our Troops lay there.— This evening brought us to the foot of Wicklow mountains where we encamped in the rear of General Lake's army; before we had pitched our tents we were wet to the skin and all the night poured down a heavy rain upon us, next morning the army divided; General Moore with the Dunbartons, Hessians and Light Brigades, &c. ascended the mountains, the other army proceeded towards the Seven Churches with all the Artillery and heavy baggage by the King's high way to the right of us.

We marched, or rather climbed up a large hill, while a flanking party of the Hessians kept on our left among a number of rocks which we would imagine to be inaccessible to any creatures but goats.— To our right on the brow of the mountain we observed three Rebels with Pikes upon their shoulders; at sight of us they fled with precipitation. When we had gained the summit of the mountain we halted, being greatly fatigued with marching through a soft boggy ground into which we sunk at every step almost to the very knees; although it was covered with a kind of flowery weed which looked at a distance like a field of clover.—The General ordered each man an allowance of Bread and Whiskey but it took some time before this order could be complied with as the few cars we had being at the foot of the hill, from whence they were obliged to be dragged up by men and horses against a steep uneven rocky path.— The Hessians took three prisoners at this place. After we had refreshed ourselves, we marched across the mountain; and a little before sun set descended into a

long deep valley, on both sides of which hung large rocks of white and spotted marble.

By the help of the twilight we could discern a dozen of men walking on the top of the rock and keeping pace with us all the way. Just as we had forded a river there being no Bridge, a shot was fired from the face of the rock on our right without doing any damage. It was near midnight when we arrived at a sort of village containing one farm-house, and a few huts — Here we lay all night in our blankets within five or six miles of the Seven Churches; and as no provision cars had accompanied us, each Regiment was permitted to slay some cattle to satisfy our hunger. The Hessians killed a young beaser and cut the flesh from off the bones which they left like a skeleton upon the field.

A poor country man having complained that his cabin had been destroyed, the Colonel gave orders that no body should give him any further molestation, but a little after this a Hessian came and offered to pull down some sticks from the hut; the centinel told him it was against orders "I don't care damn for order, I must have stick, boil cow" said the Hessian, and seemed mightily offended at the interruption; for, he looked upon a liberty to plunper, as his undoubted privilege. When we expected to have been led on to the Seven Churches, we received orders to retrace the ground we trod the day before; on our retreat eight or nine Rebels appeared upon the top of the rocks, and kept pace with us for three or four miles; but when a few Hessians who had ascended the hill, had fired upon them, then they took to their heels.

The afternoon introduced a heavy rain which lasted all night and rendered our situation very uncomfortable, for though we had now descended into the champaign country, yet were we obliged to lie all night in our blankets round a turf fire. Instead of returning to Wexford as we expected, we were ordered to march
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for Blessingtoun; the next night we lay within Lord Tyrane's demesnes: Colonel Scott issued very particular orders that no body should do any damage to the plantation or to any other part of his Lordship's property. Two Hessians who ventured too far upon a marauding scheme were Piked by the Rebels; but as their conduct was quite contrary to repeated orders, the loss was not much lamented.

When we came to Blessingtoun, we found our baggage and tents, which had arrived by the East road, with General Lake's army. Perhaps no people in the world are greater dabblers in news than soldiers, if they see a Light Horse-man galloping towards the Camp, every body cries out "the route is come."—In short no heathen Diviner was ever more ready to draw conclusions from the flight of birds or entrails of beasts, than they are to form routes, battles, field-days, invasions, &c. from the most trifling circumstance. As we approached Blessingtoun, some of our false prophets foretold a march to Dublin, this soon spread through the Regiment, where it was received with joy and believed without hesitation; but, to our mortification, we were ordered to return to the place from whence we came; I must confess we were exceeding sorry to part with General Moore, who is certainly a humane sweet tempered gentleman; but, when we understood that the sole command of the march was to devolve upon Colonel Scott, nothing in the world could give us more pleasure. About a mile from Blessingtoun he halted the Regiment, and gave us a friendly caution against plundering and every other species of irregularity which might disgrace the name of a soldier.—I have marched in England, Ireland, Scotland and America, under several Commanders; but, I never knew (reader think not that partiality guides my pen) a commanding Officer who paid more attention to the honour and welfare of his men, though he would by no means suffer a soldier

to leave his ranks or run into a house under a pretext of getting a drink of water ; yet he would halt the Regiment when ever we came to a clear spring, and sit down himself upon a stone or bank, till we were refreshed (if we had Whiskey it was served out) then continue his march in a manner not to fatigue the soldiers.—That morning we left Baltinglass, a woman came and complained that one of our men had robbed her of some wearing apparel, the Colonel desired her to point him out, she said she could not, but that he was blind of an eye. Michael Horgan, a native of the north, being the only cyclop in the expedition, the suspicion fell upon him : he was called to the front and being searched ; beaold, a shabby blew cloak was extracted from his Havre-sack, shame and indignation were painted upon the Colonel's cheek ; he ordered the delinquent to be stript of his coat, bonnet, and knapsack ; and (as if he had thought him too despicable for military punishment) set him adrift, cut him off from our list like an infectious member who might be apt to corrupt the whole body of the Regiment.

From Baltinglass's, we came to Tullow, and as no beds could be had, we were obliged to sleep all night in a church. In this town I saw the head of one Father Murphy fixed upon the Session House, I was told he was brother to the ball-catching Father Murphy, who made his exit at Arklow. From Tullow we marched to Newtownberry, where we met our old friends and acquaintance, the Cavin, and where for once more, I was forced to break through one of the golden rules of my grandmother, which was never me, " never to sleep in Church." Our next stage was Enniscorthy ; and, would you believe it, by yea and nay I was obliged to take up my quarters in a Quakers meeting-house ; having suspended my portable baggage on a nail that stuck in the wall, the spirit moved me to visit Vinegar-hill and the adjacent fields, where

where I was astonished to see the skulls of some men had been killed (and it was not then a month since the battle) as bare as if they had lain three years in the grave; but, my wonder ceased when I was told that the pigs had fared most sumptuously upon some of the dead carcases which lay half buried in the ditches; this may serve as a memento to the lovers of pork.— Among others I saw the bodies of two young boys who had been killed in the time of the battle, their legs and arms were uncovered, as well as their little short waistcoats made of coarse cloth, with metal buttons, near them lay an old man with a black silk handkerchief about his neck, and an old scratch of a brown wig lying at his head; his ribs were quite visible through his withered skin; I wonder no body took the trouble to cover them—when I mention wounded women and boys killed, the reader must impute their misfortune to accidents; for, bullets once set loose have no respect of persons.

In the neighbourhood of the hill, I saw an old house which brought to my remembrance, a circumstance I forgot to mention in its proper place, and though it does no great honour to some of my brother soldiers, I shall here relate it that the reader may see the evil effects of war; after the battle some soldiers got hold of a Croppies wife, whom they dragged into a house, and shame to say four and twenty brutes (ambitious to disgrace a red coat) had connection with her, even the blind-eyed Michael Horgan, the blue cloak merchant meant to have been one of the number.—As I pass I saw him coming out at the door and exclaiming “blood and wounds I’ve lost my turn” I began to expostulate with him upon the impropriety of his conduct, knowing that he had a wife and children in Dublin, but he cut me off short with “blood and wounds man, Kitty and I have made an agreement; she gives me liberty to do what I please, and I give her the same when I’m from home, I could not help laughing

ing at this family compact, though I despised the abominable wretches who had made it.

Next morning being Saturday, we arrived at Wexford—in the evening I saw the one-handed Mr. Kean, who had cut so many capers (in his green carriage) at Cornew, led out to execution, he requested most earnestly that he might not be hanged, to bring a disgrace upon his family “let those brave fellows shoot me,” said he “I’ll warrant they’ll soon dispatch me,” but as this request could not be granted, he solicited the prayers of all good christians—he was then executed and his body thrown over the Bridge. Now, reader though justice prompts me to acquiesce in their sentence as Rebels; think me not disloyal, if my heart commands my eye to drop one tear when I consider them as men and fellow-creatures—Oh! sons of Erin! eat? fools! why were you seduced by the prince of darkness; for, sure no other power could have inspired such hell-born thoughts—but you are forgiven, so let your past faults be buried in your future acts of loyalty.—Let us unite our hearts and hands; and, when we meet, to consult the Public Safety whether it is over the flowing bowl, the sparkling glass, the humble noggin or salubrious draught of butter-milk—let friendship, love and brotherly affection adorn our meetings.

ERRATA.

Page 14, for rebel deserter, read a rebel deserter.—15, for Coolgrene, read Coolgreenie.—16 for don’t done, read don’t don’t.—for drunken king, read drunken knight.—for ho! I don’t know where, read ah! I don’t know whether.—for human rabble, read humane rabble.—20, for at the outh of the town, read south side of the town.

